



THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



PAINTERS who have composed, composers who have painted, poets who have carved, and sculptors who have written verse may be heard of in a series of talks entitled, "More than one string to their bows: Introducing versatility in the arts," which will begin from 2YA on February 1, at 3 p.m. Many famous men will be discussed in some of their less-widely-known aspects. Blake, Rossetti, and William Morris were poets who might have been remembered to-day if they had left only paintings and no writings. Beethoven's "Heiligenstadt Testament" would have been preserved if he had never put one note down on manuscript paper. Swinburne, on the other hand, whose verses fairly ring with sound, hated music, and it was Charles Lamb who wrote:

*The devil, with his foot so cloven,
For aught I care, may take Beethoven;
And if the bargain does not suit,
I'll throw him Weber in to boot . . .
I would not go four miles to visit
Sebastian Bach—or Batch—which is it?*

In more recent times painters and musicians have allied themselves—Debussy and the Impressionists; and both Schonberg and Gershwin dabbled in oils.

A Musician's Romance

An exciting romance is attached to the name of Guiseppe Tartini, the 18th century Italian violinist, which, together with his own story of being visited by the Devil, makes Tartini one of the most colourful figures of music history. Ap-

parently when he was 20 years old he fell in love with one of his pupils, Elisabetta Premazone, and they were secretly married. The fury of the girl's guardians and of his own family fell upon him, and he had to fly from Padua, his native city, disguised as a monk. He took refuge in the monastery of Assisi where a relative was employed as custodian, and soon his violin playing was attracting people to the chapel. The anonymous shrouded figure became famous, and in 1715 when hundreds of Italians on pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Francis were in the chapel, the curtain behind which Tartini played was inadvertently drawn aside. Paduans in the chapel recognised their former prodigy and the news of his whereabouts reached his languishing wife. Paduan hearts softened, obstacles fell away, and the pair were re-united. A concerto by Tartini for violoncello and strings will be heard from 3YA at 8.38 p.m. on Wednesday, January 28.

Believe It Or Not

Our artist will never learn; we wanted an illustration of "The Incredible Flautist" and here is the result. Certainly the flute player he has drawn is incredible—how does he breathe? Perhaps he is like Leon Goossens, who would have us believe that in order to play long passages on the oboe without pausing, he has developed the faculty of breathing in through his nose, while he continues to blow through his lips; and this in spite of the oboe's formidable reputation for being "a woodwind that nobody

might have expected a racy description of Mr. Cresswell's search through tin after empty tin, through drawer after drawer, trying to remember just where he had hidden those cigarettes so that his wife couldn't get them. As it is we can only suppose that Mr. Cresswell proposes to give a short account of the important part played by tobacco in the lives of Maui, Abel Tasman, and Captain Cook.

Ask Claudette!

No matter how bad a goat may be, there's always something even she will shrink from butting into—and nobody,



not even Claudette's bitterest enemy, could accuse her of knowing anything about the whereabouts of the Cheyne heirloom. In Joan Butler's comedy serial, *Lost Property*, which is broadcast each Thursday evening at 8.30 from 3YA, listeners may follow the omnivorous meanderings of Claudette and the mysterious movements by night, which together with a lot of light romance and the ups and downs of the heroine's love affairs, lead to the eventual recovery of the lost amulet. But Claudette herself prefers gloves (see illustration).

Morning Yodel

Not to be confused with the illustrious Peter of the Dawson clan, another Dawson rejoicing in the name of "Smoky" will be the morning star from 22B on Sunday, January 25. Several brilliant stars have already shone in 22B's morning sky—tenors, baritones, basses, and crooners—but "Smoky" is a brand new prize-winning yodeller, and he will be heard in a series of newly-released recordings, including "Range in the Western Sky," "Texas Lil," "Sound-effects Cowboy," and "Old Log Cabin in the Mountain."

The Critic Approved

Music critics are often unsympathetic in their remarks about saxophonists, but when Howard Jacobs was playing at the Berkeley in London, a prominent critic of that city wrote: "A saxophone may suggest something blatant, but it doesn't prove so as played by Howard Jacobs at the Berkeley." Howard Jacobs was born in Massachusetts, U.S.A., in 1900, and his grandfather claimed to be the first person to play the saxophone in America. In 1922 Jacobs went to England, and in

1927 formed his Berkeley Hotel Orchestra; for several years he and his band were among the most sought-after musical combinations in London. In 1936 he was engaged under contract by the Australian Broadcasting Commission to direct the ABC dance music programmes. Howard Jacobs and his band will be featured in the *Kings of Jazz* session from 22B on Saturday, January 31, when he will also be heard in a number of saxophone solos, including a rendering of Sir Landon Ronald's "Down in the Forest."

A Run Before Breakfast

"Physically exhilarating" would not be too extravagant a description of Serge Prokofiev's Piano Concerto, No. 3 in C Major. It is remarkable for clear-cut themes and bracing rhythms, set off with brittle harmonies. "It is as far from drawing-room, candelabra, or white-tie music as a run on the sands before breakfast," said one commentator. "There is a syncopated tune in the first movement that tingles like a cool breeze; a set of variations in the second movement like the glow after exercise, and an exhilarating third movement which sends the runner bounding home with an appetite. But first the listener must ask himself whether a run before breakfast is what he really wants, and on his reply may depend his enjoyment of the music." A recording by the composer, as pianist, and the London Symphony Orchestra will be heard from 1YA at 9.33 on Friday, January 30.

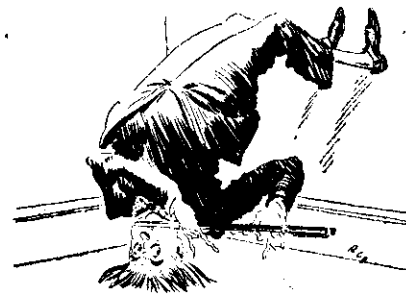
STATIC

AMONG the treasures in the Boston Athenaeum is the autobiography of an English outlaw, bound in his own skin. He must have had even more hide than the average autobiographer.

A TWENTY-YEAR old sheet-metal worker named Julius Caesar has joined the R.A.F. Let us hope he will blow a bridge across the Rhine.

A GERMAN was recently taken prisoner in Libya while loading a goat on which were packed rifles and ammunition. Apparently he believed in guns and butter.

OUR landlady, when urged to keep a bucket of sand in the hall for incendiary bombs, remarked that she didn't see how they could be expected to fall into it every time.



blows good." The flute, though not so difficult to play as the oboe, is still an instrument which most would rather play standing up. Perhaps the explanation of our artist's drawing will be revealed when 2YA broadcasts, at 9.45 p.m. on Tuesday, January 27, "The Incredible Flautist," a composition by the contemporary American, Walter Piston.

Tobacco Road

We are rather puzzled by the title of Douglas Cresswell's talk—"Discovering Our Country—Tobacco," which will be heard from 1YA on Thursday morning, January 29. Now if it were merely "Discovering Tobacco" we could expect a bright little chat on "My First Cigarette" and an account of the pleasure to be had from smoking pure Virginian after six years of dallying with dockleaves. Or if the title had omitted the punctuation and remained "Discovering My Country Tobacco" we

SHORTWAVES

"TWO people in this house are using wireless sets without licence and at the same time causing annoyance to me by continuously osculating."—Extract from anonymous letter sent to G.P.O.

GREAT minds discuss ideas; mediocre minds discuss things; small minds discuss people.—Walter Winchell.

WE hear that the Duce has shrunk so much in recent weeks, the cameramen have to say, "Look present, please."—Detroit News.

EVERY household should contain a cat, not only for decorative and domestic values, but because the cat in quiescence is medicinal to irritable, tense men and women.—William Lyon Phelps.